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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY Co.

OF

BOSTON, MASS.,

ON ITS

CCXXXIVTH ANNIVERSARY,

JUNE 3, 1872.

SERMON

BY REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,

OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.

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THE TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co.,
JUNE 3D, 1872,

Was celebrated in the time-honored manner this day.

THE Company assembled at the armory at an early hour, and after the customary breakfast the line was formed on South Market Street, and with full ranks proceeded through Commercial, State, Washington, School, and Beacon Streets, to the State House, where the invited guests were received and escorted through Beacon, Tremont, Eliot, Washington, to Hollis Street, to the church, where the customary services were held.

Among the invited guests were Adjutant-General Cunningham, Surgeon-General Dale, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Hon. James S. Whitney, Hon. Alfred Macy, and others. At the church these were joined by His Excellency Governor Washburn and his personal staff, who were prevented from joining the company at an earlier hour by an unavoidable absence from the city.

The company was officered as follows :—

Captain, Capt. Edwin C. Bailey, of Boston ; First Lieutenant, Capt. John Mack, of Boston ; Second Lieutenant, Capt.

Richard M. Barker ; Adjutant, Capt. Edwin R. Frost, of Roxbury ; Sergeants, — 1st Sergeant, Capt. Wm. H. Cundy, of Dorchester ; 2d Sergeant, Wm. Pfaff, of Boston ; 3d Sergeant, Sergt. H. K. W. Hibbard, of Boston ; 4th Sergeant, John A. Lowell, of Boston ; 5th Sergeant, Sergt, Vincent LaForme, of Boston ; 6th Sergeant, George S. Eastman, of Boston ; 7th Sergeant, Capt. Horace T. Rockwell, of Roxbury ; 8th Sergeant, Capt. John H. White, of Boston ; 9th Sergeant, A. W. Hobart, of Boston ; Treasurer and Paymaster, Capt. John G. Roberts ; Clerk and Assistant Paymaster, Lieut. Geo. H. Allen ; Quartermaster, Capt. Charles S. Lambert ; Armorer, Capt. Richard M. Barker ; Surgeon, Dr. John P. Ordway ; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. G. H. P. Flagg.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1872,

10 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

AT THE

HOLLIS STREET CHURCH.

INVOCATION.

Holy Father CHOIR

READING OF SCRIPTURES.

Jubilate Deo, by Dr. L. H. SOUTHARD CHOIR.

PRAYER.

ODE.

By Rev. T. J. GREENWOOD. Music, "PRUSSIAN ARMY HYMN."

PRO PATRIA.

Our band beheld our nation's birth,
When usher'd on its course sublime,
Among the latest of the earth,
The grandest of recorded time.
Liberty on her infant brow,
Her fire baptismal deign'd to place,
And bade her on her mission go,
A pledge of freedom to our race.

We've met, as years have roll'd away,
 And even centuries have sped,
 While other nations found decay,
 Their record, *the forgotten dead!*
 We meet again; and still we bear
 OUR COUNTRY, yet in fickle youth,
 Seeking high heaven's guardian care,
 The guide to purity and truth.

We feel our need the suit to press,
 GREAT GOD OF NATIONS, at Thy shrine,
 That Thou wilt aid and shield and bless,
 And make our country wholly Thine.
 We plead for light her course to guide;
 Wisdom, to make the many, ONE;
 While States in freedom may abide,
 As planets circle round the sun.

Discord has crept with serpent power,
 Its machinations to employ;
 And Faction, in an evil hour,
 Has whispered, "Sever, and destroy!"
 Keep back the spoiler from our land,
 Thou merciful and gracious ONE,
 And guard with Thine almighty hand,
 Till earth has its last cycle run!

SERMON.

BY REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

HYMN.

By Rev. T. J. GREENWOOD.

Music by HOWARD M. DOW.

Almighty King of kings!
 Before whom nations bow,
 While faith our off'ring wings,
 Accept our tribute now,
 While to thy shrine again we press,
 To own thy sovereignty and grace.

The helmed head on earth
Is dust before Thy sight,
Whose power, before all birth,
Streamed forth in primal light!
We crave Thy blessing for our land,
By whom alone the nations stand.

Back, o'er the track of time,
While memory turns its way,
In each event sublime,
We trace Thy mighty sway.
Our fathers Thou didst safely guide,
When peril lurked on every side.

Through scenes of war and peace,
Our guardian Thou didst stand,
And all our large increase,
Owns Thine almighty hand.
O, guide us still! Help us to be
Worthy our freedom! Worthy Thee!

Then shall our borders hold
A power of strength divine,
And ever, as of old,
The glory shall be Thine.
Who watchest those Thou deign'st to keep,
With eyes of love that never sleep.

BENEDICTION.

Music by a selected choir of 12 male voices, under the direction of HOWARD M.
Dow.



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S E R M O N .

REV. xii. 7. — “ And there was war in heaven.”

AMONG the mysterious visions of the book of Revelation there is one which describes a struggle in the world of spirits. “ There was war in heaven ; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon ; and the dragon fought and his angels.” I take the text because it suggests to my mind what I want to say to-day ; but, of course, this is not the time or place to deal with any of the details of interpretation that have occupied the attention of expositors. It is the general picture which is suggestive. The curtains of the spiritual world are drawn back for a moment, and there is the old, familiar, human spectacle of war. What we know so well on the fields of earth, is going on also in the higher spheres. The arms are clashing and the trumpets are sounding. Victory and defeat are falling to Michael and the dragon on the plains of heaven, as they fall to proud victors and despairing victims in terrestrial strife. What does it mean ? Surely, in its

spirit, it means this: that struggle and the victory by force belong not only to the low complications of this earthly life; that they are essential things; that, in some form or other, they must be represented in the highest regions of spiritual being; that truth and justice are in their very nature mighty and intolerant, and must fight with and conquer falsehood and sin in any region of this many-regioned universe where they may meet. The vision is the consecration of righteous force. It has been read for justification and for courage by many an earnest man who had to fight for truth and righteousness. Raphael took our verse and made of it one of his sublimest pictures; and you remember how our own Hawthorne in his Roman story sets his New-England girl before the splendid copy of that picture in St. Peter's, and makes her feel its universal meaning, makes her "feel, while gazing at it, that the artist had done a great thing, not merely for the church of Rome, but for the cause of good. The moral of the picture, the immortal youth and loveliness of virtue, and its irresistible might against ugly evil, appealed as much to Puritans as to Catholics."

The divine mission of force, then, the fact that to all righteousness belongs not merely an essential excellence, but a power and duty of struggle and of victory: this is the spiritual doctrine of the war in heaven.

As I have taken up of late the sermons which in earlier years were preached on this annual occasion on whose new recurrence I have now the honor to address you, I have been struck by this: Before the war began in 1861, the sermons are very largely occupied in most elaborate and able assertions of the possible righteousness of war. The preachers are arguing against a prevalent impression that war always and essentially is wrong. It was a time of peace. We can remember how far off seemed the dreadful possibility that our eyes should ever see the smoke of real battle, or our ears hear the thunder of cannon fired in solemn earnest. And so the justification of war was a thing of theory. The rights of the good to conquer the evil, or the nation to protect its life by arms, was patiently and seriously argued, as if it were a doubtful thing, — a thing debatable. But when the war begins, all this is changed. I find but little of this elaborate self-justification, in which the minister almost apologized for the company's existence and for his own boldness in preaching to them, in the sermons which were preached during the war, or which have been preached since. The fact was here. It justified itself. Men who had doubted the principle before it came pressing upon them, recognized and obeyed it when they heard its claim. It was as if children had sat

debating whether they would obey their mother or not when the call to obey was not immediate; and the calm mother listened and let them talk; but by and by she wanted them, and then she came to the door and stood and called, and they knew her voice, and knew their duty, and ran to obey her, leaving their theories where they had been playing with them, as children leave their toys.

Let us not think that the earnest pleas for peace at any price and always, were mere *dilettante* speculations that were feebly thrown aside the minute that they came in conflict with the will of an excited people, or proved practically inconvenient. They were most cherished principles of noble men. There were men, as there will always be, who were so deeply conscious of the unseen, gentle, spiritual power of truth, that they had lost sight of her outward and effective form of force. Such men, believing with all their hearts in the persuasive influence of goodness, trusting deeply to education, realizing how powerful God has made the truth in her own nature, cannot believe that He has given her also the right to arm herself and crush her enemies. The better process seems so beautiful. The ruder process seems so horrible. It is not possible until the need comes, I suppose, that we should feel how legitimate and true an accompaniment of

every perfect nature is Force ; that is, the ability to clear its field and do its work even by the violent destruction of the hinderances that block its way. This was what a nation, deeply in love with peace, learned easily and to its own surprise when its great purposes, thus far pursued by peaceful methods, came blankly against an obstacle which was to be overcome only by war.

Let us look, then, at this thought of the divine mission of force, — taking force to mean in this special sense what the French philosopher defines it to mean, “that which rules action, without governing wills.” Shall we say that force, or compulsion, is something that is so low that it can belong to the devil only? that God can have nothing to do with it, and so that great truths and causes, high principles, which are the angels of God, his Michaels, have no right to strive ; that they must not fight with their dragons? Very important it seems to me that we should understand the opposite. A truth starts on its way across the world, sent by God to possess the world ; and that truth meets its obstacles, — obstinate and resisting men. It lays itself against the wills of those men. By every method of approach, through the affections and the conscience and the sense of beauty, and in every other way, it tries to get power over those wills and make

them yield to it. It tries to rule the will and so to reach the actions which will be spontaneously obedient when the will has once submitted. It largely succeeds. That is the success it most desires. But when its efforts of persuasion and conviction have failed to remove any one obstinate enemy out of its path, what then? Surely, unless physical force be of a wholly immoral nature, we must believe that God has so arranged his universe that this beleagured and hindered truth may claim the powers that can compel the action even when they cannot turn the will, and force out of its way an enemy who will not turn into a friend.

There is a certain wide-spread nervousness and fear of giving force any true place in the world. It seems a horrible intruder, soon, we pray, to be cast out. And yet force is as truly the companion of reason as body is of spirit. Righteous force is the reaction of truth upon opposing matter. We only need cast our eyes around to see everywhere how action must be compelled where will refuses to submit. This great and gracious nature tempts me with all her alluring motherliness to bow my will to hers and use her only in obedience to her own laws. But if I refuse, she flings her tempest at me, or she sinks my ship, or scorches my unshielded head with her fiery suns, or paralyzes me with disease, and compels me back into the obedience

from which I foolishly and arrogantly tried to escape. Any baby may set his will against the will of Mother Nature, and refuse to listen to her reason ; but the most colossal giant must yield his actions to her requirements and submit to her majestic force. So it is with social laws. They would rather rule us gently into compliance ; but if we refuse that, they will compel us sternly into submission. So of every police enactment. It appeals first to the will by its reasonableness ; but if that will not submit, it restrains the action by its force. There is this force-side to them all. The Saviour, who has labored to win men on the earth by every sweet persuasion laid gently on their wills, do we not know that it means something awfully true when we are told that He shall come at last in the heavens as Judge, with all his holy angels, and take this one and leave that one, compelling their actions with a compulsion that they cannot escape. This force-side everywhere ! I cannot draw my picture of the perfect and perfectly effective man or state, unless I lodge the tenderest sympathy and the wisest judgment in a strong, healthy body that shall compel respect and demand obedience when the higher powers fail.

That the other powers *are* higher powers, we most fully grant. It is the very deep and noble feeling of *how much* higher they are, that makes us so unwilling,

I think, to give any legitimate place to force at all. There are cases in which the movement of the will is everything; where to move action without moving will is to fail entirely. In such cases, there can be no room for force. This is why our Lord, founding a religion whose whole life was to be in converted wills, found no place in its establishment or propagation for the sword. Mohammed, establishing a government as well as a faith, needed force for an ally. Christ, the Revealer of a faith, had nothing to do with force. The church has been spread by force, but Christianity never. To try to think of extending a faith by force, is to try to think a contradiction. It is like thinking of raising enthusiasm with levers, or of crushing genius with sledge-hammers. The tools have no relation to the material or the task. Here, force is nothing; but since truth lives in outward structures, and embodies itself in governments, it has not merely its spiritual relations to wills, but its physical relations to actions. It is hindered not only by unconverted hearts, but by armed rebellions. And so it has a right and need to say not merely to the will "Believe," but to the action "Submit." It has not merely its higher functions of *persuasion*, but its lower functions, too, of *force*.

Whether a truth has this power of uttering itself in

force at need, is sometimes the only attainable test of its reality. An old historian records it as a sign of the strength, dexterity, and agility of the Duke of Guise, that, "*covered with all his armor*, he could swim against the current of the most rapid streams."

Forgive me if I dwell too long upon the abstract idea. Now take this abstract idea and apply it to what we call a government, and I am sure that it will give us a clear and rational conception of what a soldier means when he comes in. A government is an incorporated, an embodied truth. Get any high idea about it, get beyond the thought that a nation is just a multitude of men who have happened to come together in a certain country, and who have bargained among themselves not to hurt each other, not to rob and kill each other, and you must come to this, that every nation is a divine utterance before the world of certain principles, of providence, of brotherhood, of justice, of the divine and human lives. The highest conception of the state, as of the world, is that it is an uttered thought of God, a certain colossal utterance of truth. If this be so, then this truth, like every other, will have its side of force. Somewhere, sometimes, it will assert itself strongly in the action of the world. Busied mostly within itself, in its own self-regulation, in the development of its own resources, and in the

extension of its influence through the peaceful machineries of commerce and negotiation, there must be in it a power to enforce itself at the call of justice upon the unwilling action either of its own subjects who separate themselves in rebellion from it, or against other nations who wantonly set themselves in the way of its just growth. As the merchant, the scholar, the statesman, the diplomatist represent the other elements of power in the state, by which she impresses her will upon other wills; so the soldier presents the element of force by which she must be ready to rule action without ruling will when the clear need shall come. This seems to me to be the great, important point, of all importance to recall to-day, less likely to be forgotten among a body of our citizen soldiers than among any other body of military men in all the world, but yet needing to be earnestly enforced even when one speaks to them; that the soldier is but the utterance of one sacred function of the state; that his whole commission grows out of the broad, rich ground of that common citizenship in which are rooted all the good activities of the community. He has his marked differences. The habits of his life are altered. He wears his uniform that separates him from other men. His drums and bugles sound before him to announce his marching. But all this separateness and splendor

makes us only more anxious to remember that this is one side of the many-sided state that we are seeing. We look into its legislative halls and we see the state thinking. We walk the streets and go into the houses, and we see how its inner life moves with many a varying passion and appetite. We hear the trumpet and the tramp of its soldiery, and its divine function of force is set before us, heard in the music, seen in the scarlet and the gold, flashed to the sunlight in the polished steel. The soldier is the armed citizen,—his citizenship giving him his whole right to his armor. He is the embodiment of the truth that a state is not merely an idea, or an accident, or a machine, but is a being with the privilege of force. If some such doctrine of the soldier had ruled in all the world, through all the ages, it would have been far harder to plead absolutely against all war than it is to-day. The longing for peace would have been far less excited and more wise.

There have come, thus far in the history of our country, three military periods, for each of which we have the profoundest reason to give thanks to God that in it the soldier has been legitimately the expression of the native force of the community for which he fought. We let our minds run back over the three periods of war. The wars of Occupation, when our

Pilgrim Fathers struggled for the possession of this new land, in which they came to plant and work out their ideas; the war of Independence, in which our distinct nationality had birth; and the war of the Union and of Freedom, when the first principles of the nation, being imperilled, asserted themselves, and proved and confirmed their strength. The war of settlement, the war of consolidation, and the war of rescue. The struggles, the birth, the coming of age, and the maturity of our country. They were all seasons of tempest and tumult. In each of them stood forth the soldier of the time. They are very different figures as they stand along our history, — the soldier of Puritanism, the soldier of the Revolution, and the soldier of the Union; and yet each was only the utterance, in force, of the soul of his time, the strong announcement of what had already existed in reason and conviction, — Truth set in motion and assaulting the obstacles that stood across its way.

Let us look for a few moments at the three: To stand face to face with the Pilgrim soldier we must go back even beyond the early days in which were formed the first "train-bands" from which this ancient and honorable organization before which I speak was born. The men who landed first at Plymouth were thinking, praying men, full of a truth which they had

come to keep, which was so precious to them that, in order that they might keep it, exile and hardship; nay, even death, counted for little. Thought and emotion, deep conviction, steadfast principle,—these were the vital powers that filled the little insignificant enterprise—of which the world by and by was proud—with life. It was a life that dwelt in spiritual regions. The inward exercises of earnest souls; the pious resting upon everlasting truths; the sympathies of common faith and simple worship; the love and fear of God,—these seemed its true activities. And yet, behold! no sooner does this spiritual life touch on the hard opposition of savage enmity than it develops its side of force; its soldier springs to light; and as it resisted to the death in the Old Country on the fields of Marston Moor and Naseby, so in this New World the Puritan Pilgrim steps on shore in his rude armor; and while the exiles were tossing still in the Mayflower, off Cape Cod, we read that “sixteen men were set out, with every man his musket, sword and corslet, under the command of Captain Myles Standish.” Myles Standish! That rude, homely soldier’s name makes always, to our ears, part of the true music of those early days. The Plymouth soldier, with his small stature and his daring spirit, that spread terror through all the Indian tribes from Massachusetts Bay

to Martha's Vineyard, and from Cape Cod harbor to Narragansett, is as true a part of the little company as Carver or Winslow or Bradford, or any brave man or patient woman of all that died or suffered for their great belief. We do not know, indeed, just how much of a Puritan he personally was; but whatever may have been the quality of his own personal Puritanism, his military office was no mere accidental addition or morbid excrescence; it was part and parcel of the enterprise. Marching against the Narragansetts; fortifying the rude Pilgrim town, and mustering the first militia; killing the first Indian at Weymouth; making the new power formidable through the savage country that heard the rumors of his prowess,—this sturdy champion represents in outward force that same heroic impulse which more peaceful, and it may be more timid, souls defined in doctrine or breathed out in meditation. It is not necessary to excuse all our people's early or later treatment of the Indian. From earliest to latest—from the Pilgrim times down to the Indian policies of these last days—there is too much that never can be excused. But this is clear, that the deep consciousness of God—that certainty that God had sent them here—did for our fathers heartily adopt and consecrate the sword. A merciful Providence kept our first history from becoming a military history.

And if we ask how Providence did this good work for us, the answer can be only in the way in which God made the thought and the devotion of the time so strong that force was always kept in its true place,—their servant. But still this Puritan soldier is the right arm of the colony, a part of it,—the expression of the force of Puritanism as it came in contact with outward obstacles, with uncultivated nature and uncivilized man. His was the great, homely, intelligible utterance of strength, ringing out clear and sharp in the midst of the often thin and over-subtle theologizing of the time, as the dazzling and bewildered atmosphere compresses and discharges its electricity in the piercing lightning and the pealing thunder. It is one utterance of the same life that was in them; the clear, crude creed of the battle-field, with its strong mingling of the false, with its strong, hard base of truth.

Let us pass on. In the middle of the next century we come to the second of the great military periods that have marked our national history, and a figure very different from that of the Puritan soldier stands before us. The commanding form of Washington, the soldier of the Revolution, characterizes and expresses that whole struggle of the French and English wars, in which the new nationality for America was slowly ripening for existence. And when we look at

Washington, we are at once struck by seeing how in him, who represented as a military man the force of the new ideas which were at work, we have also as a thinker, as a statesman and political philosopher, the clearest example of the reason of which that force was the expression. Often the two are disunited. One man does the thinking, another man does the fighting. One man develops the idea in the closet, and another makes it forcible upon the field. Rarely have the two so met in one man. Washington was at once the clearest thinker and the most effective soldier of our Revolutionary struggle. And so it is, that when we look at him we feel most easily how thoroughly home-bred, how native to the principles that he believed in, was the force with which he made those principles triumphant. From the beginning, dimly seen here and there by a few, for the most part not seen at all, there had been slowly growing the necessity for a great, united, free, Anglo-Saxon government upon this continent. It had been shaping itself in all the life of the colonies. It had been prophesied in all the configuration of the country. It had been unconsciously bred into the people by the free life of the New World. By and by it came against its obstacles. It met first the French pretensions and then the British impositions, and against both these obstacles, presenting

themselves in the concrete shapes of arms and armies, the inchoate Americanism put forth its force, and Washington and his armies were the outward expression of the unseen strength that it had gained. Nothing could be clearer than the naturalness with which the army sprang out of the people. Nothing could be clearer than that the force was only the final form in which the national idea took shape. Now and then, jealous or timid men started the question whether there was not danger. Might not General Washington become a military dictator? Was there not a chance that the purpose of the war might be lost in the lustre of the war itself; that force might grow so strong as to trample on the very truth that gave it birth? There never was a danger. The force was too solely and legitimately the expression of the truth, the thought, the aspiration of independence that lay behind it. It was all fed out of that. If that had been taken away, the force would have been palsied, the army would have dropped to pieces, the military power would have become powerless. All this was providentially and luminously apparent in the single character of Washington; and for this, more than anything else, we count his life and character a wonderful, inestimable gift of God. Never was there a fighting-man with less of the purely military passion. He was the

armed citizen, armed for a cause that belonged to the very essence of his citizenship. When that cause had triumphed on the field of battle, he laid down his arms and was the unarmed citizen,—the citizen, the same man still contending for precisely the same cause on the field of statesmanlike debate for which he had fought at Trenton and suffered at Valley Forge. And that simple, healthy, natural relation of the military power to the organic life of the country which was illustrated in Washington, and for whose preservation he was so anxious,—that force, knowing its true mission and place,—was the strength and salvation of our land.

Let us pass on again. Of our third period of struggle, the war that is so fresh still in our hearts, whose glories and whose sorrows have not yet lost their coloring in the distance, there is no need, as there is no time, that I should speak at length; nor need I choose any one general, any Grant or Thomas, out of the long catalogue of brilliant soldiers, to exemplify its character, when the type of the soldier who fought the war, both in the ranks and in the high command, is still so vivid before our eyes, is still so treasured in our hearts. Never was there a soldier who was so distinctly and purely the armed citizen as the soldier of the republic. The history of the whole war grows simpler and simpler as we gaze upon it. Never may the subtleties of polit-

ical historians disguise or cloud its simple meaning and transparent lessons from our people's eyes. For years and years the fundamental truths of our America, the value of union, the necessity of freedom, were growing stronger in their various developments. They uttered themselves in all the growing activity and prosperity of our prosperous land. They were proclaimed in the subdued wildernesses, in the overrunning harvests, in the spreading commerce, in the broadening education, in the happy social life, in the liberty of religion, in the mild and majestic efficiency of government. All forms of thought and peaceful industry and progress those fundamental truths assumed. By and by, in those sad years that seem but yesterday, but which are now a whole decade behind us, they came against the stubborn obstacles of rebellion and of slavery, and then they just as naturally assumed the form of force. It was as if a great river had flowed on for miles, broad and unhindered, smooth, placid, as if it had no right or faculty of being violent. It spreads fertility along its banks. It takes the tribute of a hundred rivulets. It moves in lordly usefulness the wheels of every humble or majestic industry. It is the very image of peaceful strength. Its power is all the power of supreme persuasion that melts the obstinacy out of the soil and the harshness out of the atmosphere. But by and by

some rash impediment is thrown across its way, and then the same nature that made it calm before makes it violent and terrible. It lifts itself up in force. It breaks its quiet current into fury and hurls it against the barrier. It is the same river still, with the lion in its nature roused. It shakes its mane of hoary spray and roars in the hoarse thunder till the sleeping forests wake and tremble on its banks with fear. It beats against its foe till he gives way. And then, its work done, its victory achieved, its obstacle removed, its force goes down into the depth again, not dying out, but only waiting till it shall again be needed; and once more the river moves on calm and benignant to its destiny in the great sea. Such was our war. We talked much of the "thinking bayonet." It was the same thought which studied in school-houses and planned in senate-rooms and meditated in churches, that thought now indignantly and mightily in bayonets. If the essential thought had been different, and not merely the form that the thought assumed, either we never should have conquered, or our victory would have been our national suicide. It was not the military passion, but the passion of civil life, the passion of home, the passion of education, the passion of religion that raged so furiously. That was our safety. It was not war, but peace, that fought, strange as the

paradox may seem. You cannot have the military spirit purely unless you have ignorance and thoughtlessness; and our soldiers both knew and thought. Again, the cry was raised here and there that we should grow a military nation; that a military despotism or a military anarchy would be the dreadful issue of the whole. And again, when the obstacle was vanquished, the river swept back into calmness, and a great army, like one great Washington, went back from the camp to the farm and the council, to do in peace the duties of the same citizenship that it had done in war. This is the claim by which our republic may, with no unreasonable pride, boast to stand among nations as Washington among men, "First in war, first in peace." First in war *because* first in peace.

These are our three periods of war. These are our three soldiers: the soldier of Puritanism, the soldier of Independence, the soldier of the Union. The war of occupation, the war of consolidation, and the war of rescue, or purification. Such successive struggles, it would seem, must come to every growing state. It would be easy to trace them in many histories. They are the points where the principles of a nation are most likely to meet and respond to the demand that they should show themselves in force. I open the national history, which is the parable for all time, the history

of the Jews, in the world's book, the Bible. I see the Jews in their war of occupation, when Joshua and his tribes crossed the Jordan and hewed their way through the promised land from Jericho to the sea. I see them in their war of consolidation, when, years afterwards, David arose and gave clear form to their nationality, and conquered Jerusalem and built his city there. I see their war of purification, so different from ours, in that struggle of which we know so little, but which is as noble as any war upon the page of time: the war that followed after the Old Testament history is closed, and well deserves our study; the war in which the Maccabees, the last of the Hebrews, rose up for their nation, their religion, and their God, against the brutal tyranny of the Syrian kings. It is an endless parable. The nation which at either of these three critical points is not ready to utter its righteous principles in righteous force, never attains to life, or dies.

I have dwelt long upon these illustrations of the true and high function of force. They are but illustrations. Everywhere about us we hear this demand, that what men think and what men feel should incorporate itself in action. Let us do something with the thought we have! Let us send it on its way towards the good practical results which its nature and its heart desires. I hear such an appeal in every popular test of

character, in all the restless jealousy of laboring men, in all the crude discontent which is so prevalent against our systems of education, as if they failed to minister to action ; in every impatience, often crude and foolish, with the man whose life is only thought. Everywhere this earnestness of desire that truth should work, should move, should go. And what then ? Why, of necessity, that if in going it should meet perhaps some obstinate resistance which will not yield, then it must break down. The brute circumstance must not tyrannize over and stop the progress of the spiritual essence. That is the soldier idea. That is the divine mission of force. You need only open any chance page to see how it has been degraded and abused. Truth in her armor is apt to be a very clumsy giant. Men will forget or deny what must be our belief all through, that the divine mission of force implies that force has no mission save for divine tasks, none for the mere brutalities of selfishness, or ambition, or jealousy, or worldly rage ; none for the mere punctilios of national dignity. But all this, running as it does into the mere idolatry of force, not for its purpose but for itself, this Baal-worship, of which the brutal world is full,—all this we may sweep aside, and still believe devoutly that there is a legitimate and natural utterance of truth in force, whereby at once it makes itself known even

to men's grossest perceptions, and strengthens itself by its own expression, and clears the ground on which to do its higher work.

And so we come distinctly to the associations and the meanings of this anniversary celebration of to-day. Force has no right here in the world except as it is simply truth in armor. The soldier's right to be resides in this, that he is the armed citizen. The soldier who is not that, whose life is an exceptional and separate thing, not one part, one utterance of the life of the state, is a curse and a sorrow. The presence of the distinct military element, the ruler of, or the slave of, but not a part of the nation, not bound up in the nation's fortune, nor sharing the nation's feeling, not springing from the nation's heart, this is what has made the weakness, and at last brought the death of many a noble nation, both of the old and of the modern times. May God save us from it forever. The healthy state, like the healthy human body, can tolerate nothing within it that will not become part and parcel of itself, ready to share its fortunes, ready to do its work. A scholarship which tries to live in the state and yet not be of it, setting itself apart, fastidious, critical, captious, however thorough or elegant it may be, is mischievous. The politician who lives the life to which all politicians tend, of isolation for the com-

mon public interests, thinking that the state and government are things for him to use, and not that he is their instrument; that they exist for him, not he for them,—he is a terrible curse always. May God rid us of him speedily. But a soldier who forgets that his life is but the strong utterance of the essential strength of the common nationality, who does not feel the reason and the power of his being coming up always from the deeper springs of the universal public weal, who is not conscious always that good soldiership means strong citizenship,—he surely, so all history bears witness, threatens far worse mischief to the land than the fastidious scholar or the self-seeking politician.

Strong citizenship! Is that, then, what good soldiership means at the bottom? Is there no really good soldiership that does not finally come back to find its meaning there? If that be so, then the soldierly duties do not belong only to the time of war, but in their essence they may be all done here in these days of calm tranquillity, when the only cannon that we hear belong to holiday parades and jubilees of peace. I may still stand here in these days that wake to no drum-beat and set upon no camps, and plead with you as soldiers for that strong citizenship which is the only true commission of the soldier,—the only ground in

which force has a right to strike its roots. I plead with you for all that makes strong citizens. First, clear convictions, deep, careful, patient study of the government under which we live, until you not merely believe it is the best in all the world, but know why you believe. And then a clear conscience, as clear in private interests, as much ashamed of public as of private sin, as ready to hate and rebuke and vote down corruption in the state, in your own party, as you would be in your own store or church; as ready to bring the one as the other to the judgment of a living God. And then unselfishness: an earnest and exalted sense that you are for the land, and not alone the land for you; something of the self-sacrifice which they showed who died for us from '61 to '65. And then activity: the readiness to wake and watch and do a citizen's work untiringly, counting it as base not to vote at an election, not to work against a bad official, or to work for a good one, as it would have been to shirk a battle in the war. Such strong citizenship let there be among us; such knightly doing of our duties on the field of peace. Then, if war comes (which God forbid), we shall not have to make the force. The force will spring out of this strong state to vigorous and successful utterance. A great public life moving so healthily will warn us of any coming dangers, as the

ocean itself rings the storm-bell that tells of its own tumults. And when the warning comes, the soldier will be ready. Until it comes, we would not try to hasten it. The work of God, the saving of our country in the tasks of peace, will occupy and satisfy us best. For, after all, this truth comes to us more and more the longer that we live, that on what field or in what uniform, or with what aims we do our duty, matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to find our duty certainly and somewhere, somehow do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy, and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.

DINNER.

At the conclusion of the church services, the company took up the line of march to Faneuil Hall, through the following streets: Tremont, Eliot, Washington, Winter, Tremont, Court, State, and Merchants Row.

Here a splendid dinner was prepared by J. B. Smith, under the direction of the following gentlemen, who constituted the Committee of Arrangements:—

Maj. GEO. O. CARPENTER,	Capt. SAMUEL HICHBORN,
Gen. SAM'L C. LAWRENCE,	Sergt. AARON K. LORING,
Capt. SAMUEL TALBOT, JR.,	Capt. EDWIN C. BAILEY,
Sergt. PETER E. DOLLIVER,	Capt. JOHN MACK,
Capt. RICHARD M. BARKER,	Capt. CHAS. S. LAMBERT,
Capt. EDWIN R. FROST,	Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN.

The hall was but slightly decorated, except by the pictures of past commanders of the company, but having been freshly painted, assumed an air of elegance rarely equalled in a large dining hall.

At the close of the feast, the intellectual portion of the day's entertainment took place.

The company were called to order by the commander, Captain Edwin C. Bailey, who addressed the company as follows:—

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company:

It becomes my duty to open the intellectual entertainment proposed for you, which I shall do briefly, and then call on those who are present to speak, and whom you will, I have no doubt, be glad to hear. I cannot help thinking what changes take place with nations, as with individuals, in a few years. Ten years ago to-day I had the honor of addressing you from

this platform, holding at that time the same position as now. Then, the nation was engaged in civil war, — the rebellion had assumed gigantic proportions, and thousands of men at the North and at the South were arming for the conflict. Many of those who took up arms for the defence of the Stars and Stripes were members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and fought to maintain the Union of these States. Happily, the civil war is ended, and we are permitted to assemble here in old Faneuil Hall, on this, our two hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary, to participate in the festivities of the occasion, in peace. Let us indulge in the hope that the blessings of peace may remain with us always, and that the sound of war may not again be heard in our land. Yet, we should not feel too sure of this. A nation, jealous of its honor, and as strong and powerful as the people of the United States have shown themselves to be, is easily irritated, — ready to resent insult and redress wrongs, real or imaginary, should the occasion arise. It is therefore fair to presume, that as time passes, war, with all its horrors, may be again revived, and ugly and knotty questions which divide nations and communities will only be settled by a resort to arms. Such has been the case in all ages of the world, and no doubt will continue to be to the end of time. Allowing that to be true, it will be well for us not to entirely disregard the advice of Washington, — “In time of peace prepare for war!” I think this to be the sentiment of the members of this company, as is evinced by the zeal and energy which they have displayed in keeping alive and in full force this time-honored institution. The company, in the two hundred and thirty-fourth year of its age, is vigorous and active, and is maintained by the voluntary contributions of its members. Compelled by a provision of its charter to make a public parade twice in each year, it has faithfully performed its duty in this respect, and added largely to its roll. Designed originally as a school for the soldier, the officers who command this

year return to the ranks next year. The privilege we have enjoyed from the State, to compensate us for our labor and expense to maintain this company and its organization, has been exemption from jury duty; yet, this small boon the legislature is constantly threatening to take away; claiming as a reason for so doing, that it is difficult to obtain an intelligent jury in Suffolk County if the members of this company are exempted. This is an implied compliment to us, but not very complimentary to those outside. It is, I think, a patent fact, that men who train and fight in time of war, are generally neglected in time of peace. Should the legislature compel the members of this company to perform jury duty, they will not, on that account, slacken their efforts to maintain and keep alive this old organization; and I have no doubt that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company will be found in existence when those, to say the least, who have exhibited such an unfriendly spirit in the legislature, will have passed away and be forgotten. We hold it to be the duty of all good citizens to sustain the military or State militia. What would have been the result had it not been for the militia of Massachusetts in the early stages of the late rebellion? Did not Massachusetts respond with alacrity to the call of the government for troops to defend the capital from the assault of the enemy? and how could Massachusetts have responded so readily had there been no organized militia here? Two weeks' delay for organization would have been fatal to the Union cause, and the rebel flag would have waved in triumph over the national capital. This, and this alone, should teach legislators in our State to deal generously with military organizations, and to offer them all the protection and encouragement in their power. There can be no question that our volunteer militia system is superior to that of the standing armies of Europe. In time of war the volunteer, militia is a sure and reliable force for defence; and in time of peace a very small expense to the State, as has been abun-

dantly demonstrated over and over again. The colonial troops were a match for the well-disciplined troops of Great Britain in the war of the Revolution, and in the war of 1812, when General Jackson fought and conquered them at New Orleans. There is something peculiar in the organization of this veteran corps, and we think it cannot be denied that it exerts a good influence among the militia of our city and State. Of late, other localities are forming companies of veterans in imitation of this: there is a splendid company of veterans in Newburyport; a similar company in Manchester, N. H., called the Amoskeag Veterans; another in Hartford, Connecticut, called the Putnam Phalanx. There are also similar organizations in Providence and Newport, Rhode Island. In the ranks of these companies may be found men seventy years of age, if not older. Let us hope, then, that this good old Company may be encouraged to go forward in the work of maintaining its organization unimpaired, and that all of the citizens of our State, if they do no more, shall extend towards the Company their best wishes, and give to it that moral support which is inexpensive, yet valuable to those who perform the duties appertaining to membership.

In conclusion, gentlemen, allow me to offer the following sentiment:—

The Citizen Soldier.—He trains and fights more from patriotic than mercenary considerations, therefore always wins.

After “Captain Jinks” by the band, the Commander introduced as toast-master the Adjutant of the Company, Captain Edwin R. Frost, who gave the first regular sentiment:—

The President of the United States.—The executive head of the nation, may his administration be distinguished by peaceful victories.

The Collector, Hon. Thomas Russell, made a ready and telling response for the President.

The second regular toast:—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.— Ever foremost in promoting intelligence, fostering the arts and manufactures, and developing the principles of liberty.

After “Hail to the Chief” by the band, His Excellency Governor Washburn, responded to this toast in a manner exceedingly gratifying and complimentary to the Company.

The third regular toast :—

The City of Boston.— Her rivals may well look *a-ghast-on* her rapid strides to commercial supremacy.

The band gave the “Dearest Spot on Earth to Me,” and then followed His Honor Mayor Gaston, in a few but well directed sentences, closing by the following sentiment, “That this Company will be in the future as they are to-day, so worthy of respect and regard that you will continue to be proud of her, and she will continue to be proud of you.”

The fourth regular toast :—

The Orator and Chaplain of the day.— May the clergy always be in accord with the military, each sustaining the other.

After “America” by the band, the Rev. Phillips Brooks responded in very eloquent remarks, which were received with applause by the Company.

The fifth regular toast :—

The Army and Navy.— Often engines of oppression in a despotic government ; bulwarks of defence to a free republic.

Response to this toast was made by General A. B. Underwood, after “Red, White, and Blue” by the band.

The sixth regular toast :—

The Judiciary.— The interpreters of the law ; their mission is a noble one. May their aim be ever to shield the innocent, and deal impartial justice to the guilty.

This sentiment was responded to in a happy manner by Hon. William Whiting.

The seventh regular toast was to the Press, and was responded to by Curtis Guild, Esq., of the "Commercial Bulletin," of this city.

The toast was as follows :—

The Press.—The defenders of the oppressed, the consoler of the depressed ; it can never be suppressed, and very rarely repressed. Its influence is irresistible over the ocean as well as in our own country.

The eighth regular toast :—

The Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.—The past has shown its usefulness ; may it be encouraged to preserve its high standard of excellence.

The band gave the "Bold Soldier Boy," and Gen. James S. Whitney, of the Massachusetts Senate, responded to the sentiment.

The ninth regular toast :—

Harvard University.—Our honored contemporary ; in the earliest history of our country we labored with each other to teach the young idea how to shoot, — may both institutions be cherished for centuries to come.

The band played "Fair Harvard," and Hon. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff responded to the toast, closing with the sentiment : "The General Court and the Artillery Company and the University, — May one never forget what it deemed the first necessity, and in what it placed its trust ; and may the others be ever faithful and true to themselves and their antecedents."

The tenth regular toast :—

Our Past Commanders.—As each succeeding year adds another to the long list, may they still remain with us to cheer us by their presence, and aid us by their counsels.

The band responded with "Auld Lang Syne," and Past Commandēr John S. Tyler addressed the Company in a

pleasant manner, closing with the following sentiment: "Our successors in the command of the Ancient and Honorables."

The eleventh regular toast:—

Our Invited Guests.—We offer them a soldier's welcome, and trust they may not be dismayed by our discharges of *grape* or rattling of *small arms*, after hearing our *big guns*.

The band gave "We won't go Home till Morning," and eloquent addresses were made by Hon. Alfred Macy, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

The twelfth regular toast:—

The World's Peace Jubilee.—A sublime conception, which will redound to the credit of our beloved city. The energy and ability of its originator ensure success, and well deserve it.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore made a few remarks, expressing the hope that the Jubilee would speak for itself; and the band gave "Home, Sweet Home," which brought the ceremonies of the dinner to a close.

There were present at the dinner, of the Company and invited guests, fully seven hundred persons.

THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

THE Company was again formed in line, and marching through Merchants Row, State, Washington, School, and Beacon Streets to the State House, again received its invited guests, proceeded to the Common, where the drum-head election of officers took place in the presence of an immense course of spectators.

The following gentlemen were chosen as officers, and duly commissioned by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

OFFICERS FOR 1872 and 1873.

Captain — Captain EDWARD WYMAN, of Boston.

First Lieutenant — Colonel WALTER EVERETT, of Charlestown.

Second Lieutenant — Colonel JARVIS D. BRAMAN, of Boston.

Adjutant — Captain EZRA J. TRULL, of Boston.

First Sergeant — Captain EBEN R. FROST, of Boston.

Second Sergeant — Captain SAMUEL HICHBORN, of Boston.

Third Sergeant — General JOSIAH H. PICKETT, of Worcester.

Fourth Sergeant — Captain ANDREW G. SMITH, of Boston.

Fifth Sergeant — Sergeant WM. R. BENNETT, of Boston.

Sixth Sergeant — Sergeant ALBERT S. HAVEN, of Boston.

Seventh Sergeant — Mr. WARREN S. DAVIS, of Boston.

Eighth Sergeant — Mr. THOMAS B. JORDAN, of Boston.

Ninth Sergeant — Captain EUGENE H. SAMPSON, of Boston.

Tenth Sergeant — Captain DAVIS W. BAILEY, of Hingham.

Treasurer and Paymaster — Captain JOHN G. ROBERTS, of Boston.

ANNIVERSARY PROCEEDINGS.

Clerk and Assistant Paymaster — Lieutenant GEORGE H. ALLEN, of Boston.

Quartermaster — Captain CHARLES S. LAMBERT, of Brookline.

Armorer — Captain RICHARD M. BARKER, of Boston.

During the ceremonies the usual salute was fired by Battery A, under command of Captain Langley.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Company marched to the Armory and were dismissed, satisfied that this anniversary had been certainly as enjoyable as any of its predecessors.

